

NARRATIVE
OF THE
Sufferings of the Crew,
OF THE
Eliza, Capt. Boswell,
OF THIS PORT,

As affectingly detailed in a Letter,

Written by one of the Survivors.

A letter from Halifax, Nova Scotia, May 18, 1824, says, I took my departure from Quebec, in the Eliza, Boswell, bound for Liverpool.

We sailed Nov. 17, had fair winds until the 23rd, when at 7 p. m. the watch was called to reef top-sails; at 11 hauled all sails and lay to under bare poles. In the course of that night the fore and fore topsails broke adrift. 24th, very bad weather, with much snow, at 2 p. m. stowed the sails for the third time, while drifting to leeward; at one o'clock in the morning of the 25th, the ship struck on a reef; all her masts were cut away; at two her bottom separated from her upper works, when we all expected every instant to be dashed to pieces by the timber with which the ship was laden; at four a boy was found dead, and about five the cook died also; at day light saw the land distant about 400 yards, which proved to be one of the Magdalen Islands; at 7 two men jumped overboard, and with great difficulty reached the shore, and very soon died; at 8 a. m. we got into one of the boats, and were driven on shore by the sea; at nine another seaman died. We reached a hay-stack that was discovered at a little distance, when the survivors all lay down, with the exception of Titus Lewis, a seaman, and myself. We proceeded about six miles in search of houses, but unfortunately were obliged to return to our fellow-sufferers without the least hopes of success. Three more men died during our absence; a dreadful prospect for the survivors; no firing, nothing to eat, no place of refuge or shelter, excepting the hay-stack; completely exhausted, and in want of clothing, with from 12 to 18 inches of snow on the ground. At 5 p. m. a man was frozen to death, at 9 another, and at 1 a. m. a third, and about 5, a fourth. We were all in a most deplorable state, some were found to have their feet frozen in a shocking manner; at six I proposed making an effort to go in search of firing and provisions; two of us succeeded in gaining the beach, but to no purpose; the only things we found were some onions and raw tripe, which was equally divided between the remaining few. The night was spent in prayer, and on the following morning it was again proposed to make another effort to get

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were some onions and raw tripe, which was equally divided between the remaining few. The night was spent in prayer, and on the following morning it was again proposed to make another effort to get fire and provisions, but it was soon discovered that none were equal to it, excepting Mr. Brown, the mate, who with considerable difficulty reached a small hill, and to the great joy of the unfortunate party, made a signal that two men were coming towards us. No one can describe our feelings at that moment, as we must evidently have perished in a very short time. We were taken by the strangers to their homes, distant full nine miles, when we received every kindness it was in their power to show us—it was very humble indeed, as the poor creatures live on the fish they procure during the summer months. On our arrival we all lay down, and remained in a torpid state for several hours. On recovering we drank great quantities of tea, made of herbs. Our sufferings for the two succeeding nights exceeded any thing I had ever imagined, from the different parts of our bodies being very badly frozen, but more so from the pain of our feet—both nights were passed without sleep. We remained in this state for nearly two months, when three of the men lost part of their feet, another lost his above the ankle joint. I was myself, from the time of our being cast away, until the first of last month, confined to a straw bed, alongside of a fire, and afterwards went about ten days on crutches. My general appearance very much resembled that of a beggar-man, as the only articles I saved were a jacket, a pair of trowsers, one shirt, and a night-cap. We left the island on the 9th inst., and after cutting our way through the ice in a fishing boat, we landed at Pictou on the 13th, and arrived here on the 16th. I have been very fortunate since my arrival here in finding an old friend and school-fellow, who has been kind enough to give me clothes and a bed in his house. I am now, thank God, in tolerable health. The distance through which we cut our way in the ice was 100 miles.

Names of the persons saved: Lieut. O'Brien, passenger; Boswell, master; Brown, mate; Wm. Keightly, Titus Lewis, James Dinan, John Davies, Daniel Robinson, and John Twigley, seamen. Names of the persons who died from the inclemency of the weather:—James Lavey, Joseph Finucane, Edward Taylor, George Pearson, John Brown, Joseph Hopper, G. Joseph, and two persons whose names are unknown.

[J. K. POLLOCK, PRINTER, NORTH SHIELDS.]